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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

LIGHTS THROUGH THE MIST

Some for the sadness and sweetness of far evening bells,
Seeming to call a tryst,
Yet, for my choice, all the comfort and kindness that wells
From lights through the mist.

In the dim darkness so unreal that it seems like a dream
Hard for the heart to resist,
Mellowing the pain of the close-drawing darkness, they stream,
Lights through the mist.

Blurred to new beauty, the blues and the browns and the grays
Shimmer with soft amethyst;
Then God's own glory of gold as it shines through the haze,
Lights through the mist!

—*William Rose Benét.*

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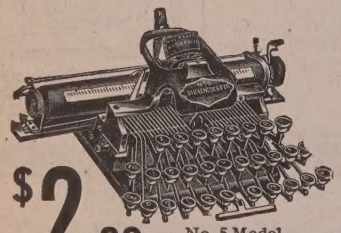

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1917 NUMBER 2

A PRAYER

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load.

And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live,—
God make me worthy of my friends!
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

Howard B. Grose has been elected by a conference of religious press representatives, called by Hoover, to act as "Religious Press Representative" at the Food Administration Headquarters in Washington. In his inaugural letter to the religious press he promises to supply regularly "brief, spicy and fresh" items concerning foods. When available will furnish special illustrated articles bearing upon food problems. The first circular letter is at hand and is devoted to the use of corn as a neglected item in the human diet. He pleads for toasted corn pone, and when mush and milk fail, fried mush he says is good. This ecclesiastical cook perhaps assumes too much when he says that "Nearly all housewives know how to prepare at least one attractive dish from corn meal." But he promises other ways made available to those who apply, without cost, to the United Food Administration, Washington, D. C., for "Ten Lessons on Food Conservation."

We are glad to give editorial space to the article from our colleague, David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, California, on "The Fall of Nicolai." The courage of Dr. F. G. Nicolai, an eminent man of science, who sticks to his guns and accepts his degradation from the highest position a medical man can reach in Germany to become post surgeon in an obscure quarter, is something that deserves more than a passing item in a news column. His heroism becomes more conspicuous when set over against the fact that this appreciation and interpretation by one of America's acknowledged scientists of the work of one of Europe's most eminent scientists, was rejected by a scientific journal in America because this journal finds it necessary to "steer wide from war questions." Shades of Darwin and Copernicus! Has it come to this that here in America a would-be interpreter of science must needs steer wide of any scientific discussion of problems which so demand scientific solution?

In the recent death of Mrs. John C. Learned, in the fullness of eighty-three years, there passed away one more of that valiant group of workers who led in the heroic days of the Western Unitarian Conference when it was pioneering the way, not only for the Unitarians, but for all the religious movements, toward the universalities of religion, toward the practice as well as the discovery of that sympathy of religion which ought to realize a fellowship between the prophets of the soul of all ages, races and names. In this comradeship John C. Learned and his wife, he then being pastor of the Church of the Unity in St. Louis, were ever in the forefront. Hers was a stalwart spirit cast in a frail body and death was a release from the prison-house of the flesh. There are but few left of that band now, but those who are left will mourn the loss of a rare spirit and will ever hold her in loving remembrance.

Last week we published an account from the pen of Miss Zona Gale of the unique pageant which was staged at the Columbia County Fair in Portage, Wisconsin. An event so unique and so significant deserves more attention than it will receive, so we are glad to quote from comments on the same made by Dudley Crafts Watson in the *Milwaukee Journal* of recent date. He says:

> Portage is the site of the Columbia County Fair, and Portage last year determined to make that fair a credit to the intelligence, refinement and taste of the county. A courageous and far-seeing fair board was wise in knowing that the way to do it was to give everyone a chance to do something beautiful, purely for the joy of doing it. A pageant depicting in great colorful processions the history of Portage, the glory of Wisconsin, and the place of the United States in relation to the nations of the world, is being participated in by 500 men, women and children. The local band is preparing the elaborate musical setting; each individual is making his or her own costumes; rehearsals in the armory begin early in the morning and run late at night; carpenters and builders and designers are preparing a great stage on the race track. All services are being donated. No one seems to question the amount of time they spend upon it.

UNITY has no desire to take part in the unseemly, sensational, and to our minds, wholly ridiculous, agitations of the current dailies, and particularly the foolish contentions between the governor of Illinois and the mayor of Chicago. The whole episode recalls the saying of the Wise One about straining at a gnat to swallow a camel. In the perspective of time the panic awakened among high functionaries of four great states of the union by four score unarmed men and women pledged to non-militant solutions of great

world problems, will appear more and more ridiculous. UNITY holds no brief to protect the fame of Mayor Thompson, though in this case he kept his head. It has no stones to throw at Governor Lowden, though in this particular he was stampeded by an unnecessary alarm started by some one, it may have been a governor, who had too little Faith in the Declaration of Independence and too little acquaintance with federal and state constitutions. Let the silly episode be forgotten that all parties may speedily recover their poise and their sanity and continue to apply themselves to their common object, that of securing a world peace, the first condition of which is the ability to respect the sincerity to be found on all sides. Honest convictions are to be reckoned with, if successfully, by recognizing honesty at the outset. There is "a soft answer that turneth away wrath" and there is such a thing as answering a fool according to his folly.

Not to revive ancient antagonisms now happily dead, nor to awaken a discussion of old "issues" now fortunately closed, but to indicate that the world does move, that there is growth in religious thought and an amelioration of denominational dogmatism going on at the present time in spite of, if not on account of, war alarms, it is worthy of note that the last leaflet to reach our table from 25 Beacon Street, bearing the imprint of the American Unitarian Association, sets forth "The four cardinal principles" which it pronounces to be "the very breath of our life as Unitarians," the things which Unitarians "most care for in religion," and these are Freedom, Fellowship, Character and Service. The first to take the place of authority, the second of sectarianism, the third of ritual or creed, the last the salvation of others in place of salvation of self. The historical interest in this leaflet lies in the fact that thirty years ago the same Unitarian Association withdrew its sympathy from the Western Unitarian Conference, caused to be established rival headquarters in Chicago and another "secretary" to be placed in the field, because it made those first three words fundamental in its condition of fellowship, and the parallel assertion, "to promote truth, righteousness and love in the world" as its supreme aim. The world is moving religiously as well as in other realms. The spirit of devotion and the attitude of the soul in the presence of the sanctities of life have come a great way, but they have a long, long way yet to go. Brethren, let us keep moving!

The *San Francisco Bulletin* throws an interesting light on current events when it calls attention to the fact that while the press dispatches throughout the country were in many ways trying to cultivate the impression that David Starr Jordan was a man without influence, repudiated by his own university and making similar "patriotic" comment, a throng of the members of a class of the Leland Stanford University on their recent graduation almost mobbed the ex-president and chancellor-emeritus of the university in their eagerness to secure his signature, no longer required officially, on their diplomas. The *San Francisco Bulletin* well says that the affection of these students who had enjoyed the privilege of studying under this president was so great that many of them felt that their certificates would not be complete without his signature. This testimonial of love and respect led Dr. Jordan to take out his fountain pen and sign the documents held out to him, several students making special trips to Palo Alto in order to secure the valued signature. The tides of independent thought and American patriotism and academic fervor are not all expressed in the training camps and cannot all be represented by uniforms. There is a republic of letters, a democracy of science, a brotherhood of man, outside of, above, and when need be opposed to, dominating bayonets or khaki uniforms.

The Case of Italy

Whoever in the future is to write the political and military story of Italy's entrance into this wicked world embroglio must reckon with Luigi Carnovale, who has just published a work of over seven hundred pages, one-half in English and the other in Italian, on "Why Italy Entered Into the Great War." Mr. Carnovale is a gifted Italian who has found shelter for his progressive convictions and independent spirit in the United States. But he has become more of an Italian in Chicago than he could have been in Rome or in his own Calabrian country, for added to the perspective of history, which he as a scholar has been able to attain, is the perspective of distance. Chicago is far enough away from the political agitations of the day, the ecclesiastical, social and economic entanglements of the hour in Italy to secure the calm judgment and the deliberate utterance which belongs to a scholar and a thinker. The author is a patriot, every inch of him is Italian, and he has not been able to escape the patriotic bias that ever characterizes the nationalist. But the careful reader discovers behind his enthusiasm and above his Italianism a growing cosmopolitan. He sees the defects of his own government, realizes its internal weaknesses. He has great dreams for the future of Italy, which necessarily imply mighty evolutionary if not revolutionary experiences yet in store for it.

The book is divided into four parts. The first tells the story of the long travail of the Italian people

toward an United Italy. It shows how, for over three hundred years, the Austrian neighbors have engulfed Italy in trouble and turmoil. Austria has deluged Italian fields and mountains with blood, it has poisoned its council chambers and perverted its institutions.

The second part of over a hundred pages is given to prove the fundamental Italianity of the Trieste country lying to the north and east of the Adriatic and south of the Julian Alps. However and wherever the Austrian colors have floated in this territory it has been the hated flag of the invader. Where arms have failed to repel the invaders still the Italian tongue and the love of Italian art, literature and song have made the dwellers in this territory doubly Italian.

The third part in a section of forty pages deals with the present war period, tells again the story of the rise and development of the European confusion.

Whoever would correct this author's theory must be very conversant with the details involved and capable of putting himself in another's place, of reconciling antagonistic theories and interpreting facts from diverse angles. It is hard to anticipate the verdict of a century. Nothing short of a hundred years will enable even a scholar or a philosopher to reconcile the antagonistic patriotisms of the world of today and to understand how men equally sincere, and on that account equally heroic, can take diametrically opposite views of the same *"facts."*

The fourth part is given to the final justification of Italy's entrance into the war and the fierce determination that Italy should stay in the war until its ancient foes, the Austrians, are shorn of their power and brought to their knees in contrition and, if possible, to make restitution. The author counts seven reasons why Italy should have gone into the war. He justifies her betrayal of the Triple Alliance. He resents the implication that French and English gold entered into its decision, and denies that Italy was influenced by any territorial greed. The justifications numbered include, the demands of patriotism, the demands of nationality, national cohesion and military efficiency, the fear of isolation, the right of travel and the cause of human solidarity. In this fourth part patriotism flames at times into passion, but it is logically justified by the premises laid out with so much skill and painstaking labor in this very interesting book.

We cannot see how the reader of this book can escape the conclusion that that if war is a justifiable redress for past wrongs, or a potent guarantee of future rights, then Italy's entrance into this war is justified and our author seems to accept this tremendous assumption.

But the wrongs which Italy received at the hands of Austria are not unique. The experiences of Bohemia, Poland, Ireland, Finland, Scotland, Wales, and the long line of wronged and submerged nations do but parallel the story of Italy when told by a mind equally sympathetic and by a hand as skillful as that of Mr. Carnovale. The wrongs from which all those people suffered have sprung from similar sources. And these wrongs were never righted on fields of battle and they never can be. Though the powers named have suffered even more than Italy their cases are not yet closed, and there is a court higher than war councils that is considering the adjudication.

The atrocities of the Austrian invaders are not all Austrian. A percentage is to be charged to the human nature which all nationalities hold in common. Another percentage may be charged to the inevitable demoralizations of war, the degradation of armies, in the wake of which rapine, rape and riot have always followed. A remaining percentage may be charged to what is peculiarly Austrian.

Italy, that "woman country" beloved of the Brownings, the name of which Mr. Browning said would be found engraved upon his heart when he died, is not without its ghastly story. The "Bridge of Sighs" is in Italy, the awful dungeons found in the subterranean regions of the Doges' Palace are still in evidence. Of the eight dramas written by Browning, six tell of fratricidal horrors perpetrated by Italians upon Italians. "Sordello," "The Ring and the Book," and above all Dante himself further reflect that percentage of Austrian atrocities recited in this book attributable to human nature, to war's deviltries and not to race peculiarities.

While our author enthusiastically endorses Italy's entrance into this war, and seems to have large hopes of the result, it is quite evident that it is not the imperial Italy, the Italy with the crown, no more than the Italy with the Cross, that he hopes for and for which he works, although in the closing chapters he seems to discount the labors of—

> . . . the intellectual, moral and material elements used by the defenders of human rights, however much they may spring from the purest fountains of thought and sentiments, and however ardently they may have reached towards the holiest ideals of life, were not adaptable to human nature (neither to the oppressors nor to the oppressed). If they had been adaptable, humanity would have assimilated them. And at the present time there would be neither oppressed nor oppressors. All would have entered voluntarily or involuntarily into that longed for phase of civil life. Into that phase in which the people, all peoples without distinction, can find only justice, liberty, prosperity, brotherhood, peace and happiness..

The author promises that—

> From the ruins of the great war, saturated by the blood and anguish of all the human family, will arise a breath of new and vitalizing energy.

Our author predicts the rise of a new order of men which he calls *Omnipotents,* to the discussion of which he promises a forthcoming book for the appearance of which every reader of this work will look forward with interest.

A second book is promised on Tomasso Campanella, the free thinking colleague of Giordano Bruno. We must believe that with these leaders the author will find a task more congenial to his tastes and more deserving of his brilliant gifts. It was Mrs. Browning who said that one Mazzini was worth a dozen Garibaldis, much as she sympathized with Garibaldi, because Mazzini's appeal was to ideas and his weapons were not carnal.

We hope that the Italian in this book is as idiomatic, limpid and the fountain of good Italian as is the English translation of good English.

It will be interesting to know what the experience of the bookseller is to be concerning the double volume which binds the English and Italian versions between the same covers, making an uncomfortably heavy volume of 675 pages. Doubtless the double language has certain advantages, university and other cultured people will like it this way, and also the Italians who do not know either language too well, but for the convenience of both English and Italian readers we hope that subsequent editions will offer the alternative of the unilingual or the bilingual edition.

In conclusion we congratulate the author on his ability to concentrate his intellectual and physical energies upon so absorbing and conscientious a piece of work in these months of terrible distractions, of intellectual as well as social unrest.

"The Fall of Nicolai"*

Under the heading of "the Fall of Nicolai" certain German papers have recorded the transfer of Dr. F. G. Nicolai, late professor of physiology in the University of Berlin, a heart specialist of the first rank and physician of the imperial household, to an obscure military post in Danzig. The cause of this "fall" was the publication in Zurich of a volume called *"Die Biologie des Krieges"* (The Biology of War).

It has long been an axiom in Pangermanist circles that war is the noblest occupation of the state, divinely ordained and essential to the preservation of all the manly virtues. As set forth by General Bernhardi and vociferously urged by the less logical of his group, including some called scientific, the permanence of war is attested by three lines of argument.

First of these is the historical, "There has always been war." Second, the philosophical, "Human nature never changes," and third, the biological, "War is the supreme test of animals, plants, men, races and nations." In the "Struggle for Existence," which with men is called war, the fittest survive. This last doctrine is known as "Social Darwinism," though it bears little accurate relation to any of Darwin's teachings, and in reference to war it was expressly repudiated by him. No one has stated more clearly than Darwin the fundamental fact that war involves the destruction of the fit.

It has been charged to the discredit of German science, that out of its wealth of knowledge scarcely any one has ventured to attack the absurdities of "Social Darwinism." "The so-called Anthropological School," says Dr. Fried, "preached this doctrine of Social Darwinism and made of it a scientific propaganda for Pangermanism, for military armament and for the Treitschke conception of history. Except Ostwald, there were none among the leaders in science who fought against these teachings. But there were many such in foreign countries. Of these we may remember the Russian, Nivicow, the American, David Starr Jordan, and the Englishman, Havelock Ellis, who as biologists support the teachings of peace and show that the theory of war is opposed to genuine Natural Science."

From a review by Dr. Alfred H. Fried in *Friedenswarte* for June, 1917, we learn that Dr. Nicolai, in 1915, began a course of lectures in the University of Berlin on the "Biology of War," this being attended by many students. These lectures aroused military opposition. "All threats were useless, and the result was that this notable scholar ["hervorragende Gelehrte"], the physician of the Empress, through *"military necessity"* was degraded in rank and sent to act as a military staff physician at Danzig.

The Biology of War is said to amplify the declaration of Dr. Lichtheim, before the Congress of German Naturalists and Physicians at Königsberg in 1910. The teaching, said Lichtheim, "that war is no evil but a necessity because it alone perpetuates the worthy characters of the people, and that lasting peace leads to degeneration and inertia—this is no teaching of natural science."

Dr. Fried regards "Die Biologie des Krieges" as "rescuing the honor of German science. It attacks the persistence of plausible lies against which every friend of his Fatherland and of humanity must protest."

War, Nicolai affirms, "is a human institution. It is no law of nature. It has no element of divine world-order. War-lust is an innate instinct, but it is a false instinct. There are other false instincts, as when a moth rushes toward a candle, scorching its wings. Animal races led by false instincts become extirpated. The human race persists thus far because it has gained control over Instinct and can separate the false from the true."

Dr. Nicolai has little patience with the political version of the "Struggle for Existence." "The only worthy struggle is not the outworn war of yesterday,

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*"Die Biologie des Krieges," Dr. F. G. Nicolai, Zürich, Orell-Füssli.

but in the new life-spending war for human conquest over the earth and its forces." This recalls Bacon's distinction between the "two kinds of Empire, Empire of man over man and Empire of man over nature." The last is the basis of science, and through that form of "empire" alone can civilization progress.

Dr. Nicolai thus treats the principle of selection: "Every victory of the Wise over the Foolish is a step forward. Every victory of the Stupid over the Wise is a step backward." Progress is therefore a question of brain-development. "Victory of war prohibits victory of the wise. War gives no other selection that that it is a factor of degeneration whereby men of culture are extirpated and dullards ["Knochenmenschen"] remain." War propagates unfitness for it destroys healthy humanity, leaving those of inferior worth. The blind, the dumb, the idiotic, the hunchback, the scrofulous, the white-blooded, the impotent, the paralytic, the dwarf, all these can rest in peace in war-time, for no bugle calls to them. While the young, the brave, the strong welter on the field of battle, these weaklings remain at home and carry on the life of the nation. The selective influence of war is such that if war lasts long enough it will happen quite automatically that of the warlike people, only the weakest elements will be left.

"The dogma that peace enfeebles a people while war gives the strength of steel" is to Nicolai only a vulgar error. "The opposite is the truth. English boxing and Spanish bull-fighting, with the game of football, are held in Germany to be sports too rough to be played. 'Blood may flow.' But war, more bloody, is nevertheless a noble game. Jean Paul tells the truth: 'The steel of the warrior is no more enduring than the starch of a shirt.'" He further says: "In the longest peace not so much folly or so many lies are spoken as in the shortest war." "Senseless play" ["Sinnlose Spielerei"], Dr. Nicolai bitterly calls the present war. "To all the dreamers who chatter of the Great Time, who expect from it an elevation of the race, as well as to all those who have lost their dearest, this word must be staggering. All your great efforts, by whom seven millions have been killed and fourteen millions of cripples have been made, is after all senseless play." "War places human beings in such relations that their acts must be inhuman."

These few sentences I have translated from Dr. Fried's review. He admits that of the fifteen chapters in the book he has sketched the contents of but three.

Among titles of the others are these: Organization of Armies. Roots of Patriotism. Kinds of Patriotism. Unbalanced Chauvinism. Development of the Idea of World Organization. The World as an Organism. Change and Human Verdicts. War and Religion.

The ideas of Nicolai, according to Fried, are not in themselves new, but they are illustrated with new comparisons and new examples. The sale of the book is now forbidden in Germany, for the "War System can nowhere endure the light of day." But it goes a long way to redeem the reputation of German science and to relieve scholarship the world over from the merited stigma of opportunism. If Dr. Nicolai is one of the martyrs of science, we may be sure that in his case, as in every other, "the blood of the martyr will be the seed of the church."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Palo Alto, California, July 10, 1917.

WHO GOES NUTTING.

A pattering breeze
Has played all night in the poplar trees,
Spinning the leaves by twos and threes;
And now the sun, like a fiery ship,
Darts its beams to the pine-trees' tip.
What a day for a hunting trip!

A matchless day for the hunt. But no.
When the sleek fawn runs with the doe,
Fearless-free; when the young birds play
In the fields, full-fed; on such a day
It seems a breach of nature to slay.
See, the chipmunk, with pouch-cheeks round,
Filling his storehouse underground,
Points the way, as his bright eyes say,
Who goes nutting?

O, what a sky!
Sparkling depths where the clouds race by,
White as fleeces! Squirrel and bee
Haste to the harvest; so will we.
Lordly hickories, stripped half bare,
Toss their boughs with a silent dare;
The strong arm and the straight back
Win the game of cudgel and sack!

Sky and earth for the day's delights;
Love and the hearth for autumn nights!
Nuts and apples and frosty weather
And the blazing logs all come together.
A sweet kernel be ours to find
In the prickly burr or the tough rind;
Ours a garner of priceless things,
When the shrill blast at the keyhole sings,
Who went nutting?

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

Chinking

Lovers of Permanent Peace are beginning to appreciate this truth: that if ever society is to build an approximately secure Future State it may not be built upon the ruins of a vanquished nation. The seeds of retaliation will remain and will some day bear fruit. In order to guarantee even a semblance of safety, the proposed World Federation must rest upon the foundation of "a negotiated, not a dictated, Peace."—*From Four Lights.*

World Unity and World Religion*

By GEORGE NASMYTH

Author of "Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory."

If we ask of the watchman who stands on the mountain top, "Watchman, what of the night? What are the signs of its promise?" If we invoke the prophetic spirit which is able to foresee the future because it is able to analyze the tendencies and the social movements of the present, what answer do we get?

I believe we get this answer: The next ten years are going to be the most significant ten years in human history. The period of reconstruction which will come after the war will determine the nature of the society in which we shall live and the character of the world's civilization for generations or centuries to come. The revolutionary changes which are being made in our social structure,—so far-reaching, many of them, that we cannot now fully grasp their import,—are but forerunners of still more tremendous and revolutionary changes that will come after the war.

A new spirit is abroad in the world. We shall see, we are now seeing, the old order of ruthless individualism pass as the nations gird themselves up for new co-operative national and industrial undertakings. We shall see, we are already seeing, many other things pass that were a part of the Old World before the war. We shall see them replaced permanently by new things in the New World that will come after the war. The new order will come, not because the war will create it, but because men are determined to rebuild the social structure on firmer foundations than in the past; it will be the result, not of the cataclysm of war, but of the slow and invisible forces which have been unceasingly at work over a long period of years, and which the war reveals as though by the sudden rending of a curtain.

Of all the deep and revolutionary changes that will mark this era of reconstruction, the most far-reaching in its results will be the change from the old chaos of international anarchy, from the individualism run wild among the nations, to a new world order of federation, of co-operation among the nations, of the solidarity of the human family; we are entering upon a new era of world unity. More important by far than any changes that are being made in the map of Europe are the changes that are taking place in the minds of men, and of all these changes the most significant is the moral revolt against war; the determination that as far as is humanly possible this shall be the last war, and the growing realization that the remedy for this terrible cancer of modern civilization, war, and the war system, is to be found only in the organization of the world under a system of justice and law.

Why has our opposition to war and the war system been so futile in the past? Why has it failed? Largely because we did not have an adequate positive idea to oppose to the all-devouring evil. Because our fighting against war and our non-resistance, the emotional appeals that we have made, have been largely negative appeals. Because we have ignored the fundamental principle in psychology, individual or social, that if you are to root out an evil you can only do it by substituting a positive ideal. If you are going to cure a man of alcoholism or of crime, you cannot do it by a negative opposition, by preaching about the evil results of his course; you can only do it by making him see a higher positive ideal, by opening before him the vision of a life so real, so much larger and more abundant that the unreal pleasures of the old temptations will seem tawdry by comparison.

So in this most terrible battle that the human race has ever been called upon to fight,—the war against war,—we have failed heretofore because we have been armed only with a negative opposition; and the thing which is occurring now is the transformation of this terrific fight into a fight for a positive ideal, the ideal of world unity and world federation.

World Unity the Positive Ideal.

This positive ideal of Free Religion is the most important of all; because world organization, world federation, world unity, is the rock upon which the new structure of civilization must be built. It is the condition of all freedom in the world of the future, political, social or religious. It is the unifying thesis of all social progress.

Our program summons us to work for a scientific religion, industrial democracy and world unity. But how can we have a scientific religion; how can we have a true theory of the social order or a clear vision of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, as long as we have this anti-social, anti-Christian, this Godless philosophy of force writ large among the nations? How can we hope to have industrial democracy, how can we hope to establish the co-operative commonwealth, while we have the nations organized on this gigantic scale for competitive destruction and annihilation? How can we hope to have anything secure,—a religion of love, or social legislation and labor laws, or the steps gained won with such agony in the progress of democracy—how can we be sure of any of them if the foundations of the international life of the future should be rebuilt upon the shifting sands of the international anarchy of the past?

We are being taught in the awful suffering and agony of this world war, what we might have learned if we had listened to the voice of the new social science in recent years, that we must make a transvaluation of all values for every individual. In the shallowness of our social thinking in the past, we took it for granted that our most important interests were, first, our individual interests; second, the interests of the state or the nation of which we were a part, and third, a long way after these, the interests of the rest of the human family, the interests of the world at large. But the world calamity has revealed, as though by a lurid flash of lightning, that our scale of values has been strangely inverted. We are learning to recognize the true order of interests for each individual. We are beginning to see that the first and most important interest of every human being is to live in a world which is rationally organized and most perfectly adapted to the needs of the whole human race; that after this comes his interest in being a part of the most perfect society, the most highly civilized nation, and that last of all comes his interest in occupying as high as possible a position in that society.

*Address delivered at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Free Religious Association of America, Ford Hall, Boston, May 25, 1917.

Under the old system these interests appealed to the consciousness of the individual in the reverse order. The old anti-social individualism enthroned the third and least important of the vital interests of each person. Patriotism was a way in which that narrow, short-sighted individualism might be subordinated to the larger interest of the society, the nation, of which the individual was a member. But patriotism, if it stops there, defeats its own object; the patriotism which is limited by national boundaries and sustained by hatred is working itself out toward national suicide and mutual annihilation on the thousand-mile long battlefields of Europe. If the nations are to be saved from destruction and the human race from suicide, national patriotism must be developed into a larger patriotism, the patriotism of humanity, —into a love for that humanity which is above all nations.

Democracy's Opportunity at the End of the War.

The world conference at the end of the great war will offer an unprecedented opportunity. At present the whole world is in a state of plastic flow, but after the treaty of peace is signed the international relations of the world will receive a permanent set; they will be hardened in a definite mold. We ought now to be conducting a world-wide campaign of popular education, creating an enlightened public opinion in favor of constructive measures, mobilizing the forces of internationalism in preparation for the great settlement. There will be an unprecedented opportunity for transforming the economic life of the world to an international basis in place of the present anarchistic system, under which each nation, blind to its own true interests, makes its own tariff laws independently, striving to injure its neighbors for its own selfish ends. Instead of the proposed economic war after the war, the democracies of the world should see to it that the adjustments are made in the direction of greater freedom in international trade, that the principle of the open door is established for all colonies and protectorates, and that the economic power of the world is mobilized for peace by making it a sanction for international agreements. There will be a practical opportunity for the first time in history for an international limitation of armaments, with both the irresistible economic pressure due to the spectre of national bankruptcies, and the rising tide of the moral revolt against war pressing the governments on to this epoch-making step. Above all there will be the opportunity for democracy, for the first time in the history of the human race, for it will be the first time that democracy has been so far developed that it could effectively influence foreign policies and international relations—there will be the opportunity which may not come again for a century, for the beginning of the organization of the world, with a World Supreme Court of Justice, a World Parliament, and the elements of a World Executive function,—the beginning of a real World Government. At the end of the war democracy must be prepared, with a world vision and with definite practical plans, to begin building the gigantic structure of World Federation. The international political institutions will provide only the skeleton, the mere framework of that world unity which must come. The economic forces of international interests, the international division of labor and the vital exchange of an interdependent world will constitute the living flesh and blood. But the greatest need of all, unless this new world is to be a Frankenstein monster destined to crush the life and spirit out of nations and of men, is that it shall have a soul, that it shall be informed with a living spirit which will make it a blessing and not a curse to mankind. The question in the hearts of forward-looking men today is: Where shall we find the spiritual power which can dominate and direct the mechanical forces of our materialistic world civilization?

The Religion of Humanity.

Answering to the call of this world need, there is coming into being a spiritual power. Beneath the outworn shell of the religions and theologies of the past there is growing the new life which is to vitalize and inform the social organism of humanity, and the time is almost at hand when it will burst out into the light of day. The world is longing for the revival of a religion of power, and that religion can only be the religion of humanity. Increasingly men from all races and religions will have to meet together in international conferences and councils and parliaments. The assertion of the absolute supremacy of one form of religion over another will become as impossible as the assertion of the absolute supremacy of one form of Kultur over another has become impossible. Only a religion which is truly catholic and universal in its sweep, which gladly recognizes and proclaims the essential unity and truth of all the partial religions of the past, and which accepts the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as the equivalent for the solidarity of the entire human race, can meet the needs of humanity for a religion of the future.

The history of religion, ever evolving into higher and nobler forms in response to the growing needs of men, is like that chambered nautilus which the vision of the poet has compared to the growth of the human soul. Commencing with the innermost chamber where the lowliest form of life had its humble beginning, growing outward in ever-expanding spirals as the vital force within demanded ever larger and larger chambers, yet maintaining a continuity of development by means of a thin thread of life which runs back through all the segments to the vital origin at the center, the chambered nautilus is a beautiful parable of the growth of the soul of the individual towards infinite perfection. But it has another and more profound meaning; the chambered nautilus is infinitely more wonderful as a parable of the evolution of religion in the life of man, even as the life of the race is infinitely more wonderful than the life of the individual. From the mountain heights of modern scientific research we can look over the history of religion, beginning with the lowest form of animism and spirit worship, rising through higher and higher forms, ascending from the worship of idols and graven images to the worship of a god of fear; achieving finally the divine conception of a god of love; developing first in one part of the human race and then in another, until it finally casts off the outgrown shell of temporal, limited forms, and breaks forth into the freedom of the open, revealing the essential unity of all that is vital in the incomplete religions of the past, and combining all the truth which they have enshrined in this great coming re-

ligion. Even more than the growth of the individual soul into the life more abundant, does the poet's vision form an epoch and a prophecy of the growth of the soul of the race into the religion of humanity:

> Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll.
> Leave thy low-vaulted past.
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell
> By life's unresting sea.

This, then, is the challenge to democracy given by the unprecedented opportunity for social reconstruction at the end of the war—to establish the political and economic institutions of world unity, and to give these institutions the driving power of the spirit of humanity by creating a world religion.

The fundamental need of the world is for spiritual forces powerful enough to dominate and direct the material forces of our changing civilization. Only spiritual forces can redeem and purify human society, but all our spiritual powers will need the added strength of intellectual re-enforcements and *if* the religion of humanity is to be able to withstand the shock of those waves which have overwhelmed Christendom during the past three years, intellectual foundations must be created upon which the new faith in the religion of humanity can rest. There is enough spiritual power in the hearts of men to build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, but these spiritual forces have been imprisoned and enchained by a false intellectual philosophy, which has kept them paralyzed. Some of the deepest roots of this war can be traced back to the period of darkness which settled upon Christendom half a century ago, when the epoch-making discovery of the theory of evolution was distorted, stolen by the aristocratic intellectual forces of that time, and claimed to be the scientific basis for the dominant intellectual philosophy of that age. Instead of a true philosophy of mutual aid and a moral law, which Darwin taught, his theory came to be identified with the philosophy of Machiavelli, of Bodin and of Hobbes—the philosophy of the "war of each against all"—the philosophy of the ruthless individualism which has reigned and still reigns in the industrial world. It was seized upon as the basis for the philosophy of materialism which settled down like a blight upon western Europe when the human race became like a ship without rudder or compass, at the mercy of every shifting wind and tide. Mankind lost its belief in the power of ideals and its confidence in religion as a guide in public affairs. Spiritual forces were submerged, and faith almost disappeared in the mechanical developments due to the rapid advances of the physical sciences.

That time of darkness in the spiritual life of man is beginning to pass. The destructive work which it was necessary to do has been done. It was not all loss; there was also a great positive force in the intellectual movement, and marked a new epoch in human history. Man was freed from the old chains of traditional theology and superstition. He raised his head and felt himself to be the master of the universe. Infinite vistas of possible progress opened before him. The discovery acted as a liberating force for the energies of men, and scientists in all the modern nations began to work upon the inexhaustible mine of material which had been opened up by this key to Nature's secrets. But with the freedom from the old chains of superstition came a new bondage to an anti-social, anti-democratic philosophy of force. There came a divorce, which should never have been created between science and religion. Only now, more than fifty years after Darwin's epoch-making discovery, are we beginning to understand its true social significance. Science is truth, and religion is truth; when we free science from the anti-scientific distortions of the philosophy of force, and free religion from its superstition and its traditional theology, science and religion become one.

The reconciliation between science and religion is one of the liberating discoveries of modern social science. It is an interesting commentary upon the strength of the modern social and democratic social ideals which have been sweeping like a flood through Russia for thirty years past that the re-discovery of Darwin's social message is due largely to three Russian leaders of the new social science: Professor Kessler of the University of St. Peterburg; his disciple, Kropotkin, the Russian revolutionist; and above all, Novikov, the Odessa sociologist with the international mind, whose writings on social science will create an intellectual revolution when they become known to the outside world.

If Novikov's teachings were to be summed up in a single sentence it would be this: The struggle for existence is not the central fact in evolution; nor is mutual aid, although this factor is a thousand times more important than struggle; the central principle of all evolution is the expansion of life, and the way in which we secure the greatest expansion of life in human society is through the establishment of social justice. In other words, the new social science, using the modern instruments of economics, history and sociology, comes out upon the same truth as the principle which is at the heart of the social program of the New Testament, the principle of "life more abundantly."

The Forces to Which the Future Belongs.

The encouraging thing as we look out toward the years to come, is this: The forces to which the future belongs, those forces that are now rising into power, are forces that are not corrupted by the anti-social, anti-democratic, anti-religious, anti-spiritual philosophy of force. The rise of labor, the growing power of international socialism, the irresistible forces of democracy, that world-wide movement of the rise of woman, which has been called the greatest spiritual movement since the coming of Christ—these forces are bringing with them into power a new and truer philosophy of co-operation, of mutual aid, and of justice.

As I have traveled through those countries of Europe now at war, and have come in contact with these rising forces, I have felt new faith and new hope for the future. I suppose we shall be told by our militarists and by other socially-blind persons who cannot see the slow and invisible forces which produce all social advances, that the Russian revolution, and the revolutions in other countries which are coming, are among the inestimable benefits and glories of war. But the handwriting was already plain upon the wall when, years ago, in 1913, on my last visit to Russia, I found the whole hundred thousand students in the

Russian Universities seething with democratic and revolutionary ideals, found the army seething with them, found the co-operative societies and the city governments and the Zemstvos and the Duma and the Provincial Governments all filled with this democratic spirit, and anyone with social vision and passion for self-government could see that democracy in Russia was inevitable. We shall, of course, have oscillations back and forth, we shall have temporary periods of reaction, but the old order is gone and the new order is come to stay.

So in Germany, whether the war continues indefinitely or whether peace comes very soon, a democracy, a liberalized Germany, a government by the German people is inevitable. For five long years I fought against militarism in the German universities, and I should have been in despair but that I found myself coming in closer and closer contact with those rising forces of the modern liberal and democratic Germany which is almost here. In Germany there are twenty million people who wake up every morning with a vision of the Zukunftstaat,—the future state,—which is their way of saying the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. The Social Democrats have been growing steadily in power from year to year for the last twenty years. They have gained one per cent of the vote every year until in 1912, at the last election, they had thirty-four per cent of the votes. And they were looking forward, together with the next most radical party, the Progressive People's Party, to the next election, at the end of the five-year period, 1917—it should have been held this year—to getting control of the government. This tidal wave of German democracy is irresistible in its power. Its hour of victory is coming. Even now it is becoming only a question whether it shall be a constitutional monarchy or a republic, for the liberal democratic Germany is almost at hand. The war has delayed the coming of democracy in Germany, and this result was probably one of the motives of the German military caste, but sooner or later, whether in war or in peace, the German democracy is inevitable.

So in France, and in England, there have been seething tides of unrest, mixed sometimes with a great deal of bitterness, because the suffering and the wrong conditions have been almost beyond human endurance. But with all this unrest and bitterness, there has been still a great hope, a looking forward to new and better conditions which are to come. And in Asia, we have seen the creation of the republic of China after thousands of years of monarchy. In India, below the surface there are moving great tidal currents in the spiritual and intellectual life of man. We have had to go back to the Psalms of the Old Testament to find anything to compare with the renaissance of poetry that is being created by Tagore and other singers in Bengal. In every one of these countries, when we look below the surface, we find great tidal movements and passionate longings of the peoples for a better order of things. As I look out over the world and remember my contact with the vital forces in all these countries, I feel as though the hand of God were stirring again upon the waters, as though something were being prepared that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man."

The spirit of man is being prepared for the coming of this new era of world unity and for the dawning of the new religion of humanity. It cannot be the work of any one man, for in this age of democracy that would be a contradiction in terms. It must be the creation of the great mass or body of people. It could be—I hope it will be—a work to which a body like this Free Religious Association can furnish many leaders and a powerful forward influence. It is a movement to which this Association is called to contribute not only spiritual leadership, but intellectual foundations and the strength of practical organization

Democratic leadership it must have, but at its best the new religion of humanity must be the achievement of the masses of the people of the earth. Its spirit is present in their passionate desires already. You can hear it even through the censorship; it grows in power even though it is suppressed by the military governments, though it finds no expression through the representatives of the official diplomacy; nevertheless it is alive in the hearts of men and women everywhere. I have felt it throbbing; I know the passinate longings of those people in Germany and Russia and France and Italy and India for a better order of things. Across all the sorrow and suffering of the world tragedy, beyond the battles and the tumult, the peoples of the world are looking forward to the dawn which will follow this darkest hour of human history. They are looking forward to the coming of world unity; they are feeling the stir of the new religion of democracy, which is at the same time the religion of science, the religion of social reconstruction, the religion of humanity.

The vision of world unity, whose beginning may come with the end of the world war, rises before us in strange and almost portentous splendor. Again there comes across the bounds of land and sea the sound of a voice to which the powers of darkness, of autocracy and of militarism would do well to listen, for it is the voice of democracy triumphant. Its line has gone out through all the earth, and if it is not heeded, it will overturn and overturn, and overturn. No longer is a voice crying in the wilderness; it speaks now with the majesty of the spirit of humanity and its words are fraught with a new message of hope and promise: "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

THE FLAMES

I watched a log in the fireplace burning,
Wrapped in flame like a winding sheet,
Giving again with splendid largesse
The sun's long gift of treasured heat—

Giving again in the fire's low music
The sound of wind on an autumn night,
And the gold of many a summer sunrise
Garnered and given out in light.

I watched a log in the fireplace burning—
O, if I, too, could only be
Sure to give back the love and laughter
That life so freely gave to me.

Harper's Magazine. —*Sara Teasdale.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XXIX.

Prophets of Universal Religion

II.

Ralph Waldo Emerson 1803-1882

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

A course of lectures or a winter's reading might cover this lesson, but to condense it into our time limit is impossible. In modern times no man in literature, unless it be Goethe, has impinged on so many scholarly and literary lines as Emerson. No man has been so many times reported by eminent men in Europe and America as Emerson, unless again it be Goethe.

Emerson made three trips to Europe, once for the sake of health, once for the sake of seeing three or four people, which desire was reciprocated by the many hundreds who by this time wanted to see him, and the last time he was fairly driven away from home after the catastrophe of the partial burning of his home and treasures. His friends sent him to Egypt that he might escape the shock to nerves, already beginning to break, and that he might be out of the way while they benignantly restored the house to a better condition than before and as near like the original as possible.

The story of Emerson is the story of the best things in New England. His ancestry reached back of New England in the story of the Puritans. He was the product of seven generations of preachers. His father, William Emerson, died at forty-two, leaving a widow, one daughter and four sons, of whom Ralph Waldo was the second. His aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, a sister of his father, said that all the Emersons were fore-ordained to Harvard and Ralph had the struggle that a poor boy with academic aspirations must have. He worked his way through by teaching and probably had many a lift from some rigth hand that knew not its left. He entered Harvard at fourteen, graduating at seventeen, and his classmate, Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, who knew him as a child, student and man, said he never knew the time when Emerson was not a soul that lived apart from his fellows. He did not make much of an impression as a student but in his diary gives a list of the books which he read from year to year, which is astounding. During his first two years he was president's freshman, ran the president's errands, etc. Later he taught in his brother's school for girls in the suburbs of Boston, but the girls worried him to death and he finally broke away, which was the occasion of his poem of which later he was a little ashamed and would like to have withdrawn.

> Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
> Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
> Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
> A river-ark on the ocean brine,
> Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
> But now, proud world! I'm going home.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
> I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
> And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
> Where the evening star so holy shines,
> I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
> At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
> For what are they all, in their high conceit,
> When man in the bush with God may meet?

The boy Emerson turned his back on the city but Boston never abandoned him. Although the favored child of Boston he had to pay the price of his genius and go the lonely road of the prophet, how lonely and how rugged may be realized in reading his Journals, edited by his son, in which he wrote his heart out day by day all through those early years. The devils he had to fight, foes to meet and troubles to overcome were none the less because they were most of them internal. First came the battle with poverty. Mrs. Emerson was obliged to keep boarders. Ralph helped as best he could by bringing home the cows, making fires, running errands, etc. The story is told that he never owned a sled but enjoyed seeing boys with theirs from the inside of his gate. One winter he had to share his overcoat with a brother, one of the many necessary family economies.

When ready to enter the Christian ministry as his vocation it became necessary for him to take a year off on account of ill health, during which time he wrote when his eyes permitted, walked when his hip allowed and talked when his lungs would let him.

In 1829 he was called to the important position of assistant to Henry Ware in the pastorate of the Second Unitarian Church, Boston, and when Ware was called to a chair in the Cambridge Divinity School he was chosen as his successor. His ministry was a short one, only three years, when he came to his first battle. As he came to study and to understand he recoiled from the materialism, the outwardness, of the communion service. To him the elements were more in the way than a help to the spirit, and he very frankly told his people he could no longer administer the communion in the conventional way. This was a hard wrench, a disappointment to his family and broke his health for a time. But he found himself and came back to his life work, to a ministry outside the church and a preacher's career outside the pulpit, for while he seldom entered a pulpit he never did anything but preach. His edited writings of twelve volumes contain little but what was beaten out for the platform; lectures and more lectures, and slowly the world realized that the lectures were classics and out of the pulpit he passed into permanent literature.

Something very high and fine in the interest of New England religious thought and life happened in 1838. Emerson was asked to give the annual address at Harvard Divinity School, in which he stated, for the first time in America, the truth that religion does not find its permanent place in miracle, that God is working here and now. A familiar thought now but then it was a great shock and in Boston aroused a tempest in a teapot. The very Henry Ware whom Emerson loved, hoped that the students of Harvard College would never again have to listen to such infidelity. Thus the

colleges have always limped on behind in all reforms. It also awakened much opposition in England, where Martineau came to Emerson's support.

This was the second of the three great initiatory sermons of Unitarianism. Its "Declaration of Independence is said to have been Channing's Baltimore address," delivered at the ordination of Jared Sparks, which differentiated between the Unitarian and Trinitarian positions.

A young man only two years out of school heard Emerson's address and said of it: "It was the most inspiring strain I ever listened to,—so beautiful, so just, so true, and terribly sublime." This young man was Theodore Parker, and his, the third of the great utterances, was on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," in which he simply emphasized, with more theology and less poetry than Emerson, the fact that even in the New Testament there were two elements, one the transient representing the feeling and truth and ideas of the time, the conception of the current age, and the other the permanent that would endure for all time. The miracle goes, the Golden Rule will stay. The claim for peculiar and exceptional revelation will go but the Beatitudes and the Sermon on the Mount will abide.

Edwin D. Mead, in a pamphlet on "Emerson and Theodore Parker," describes something of the explosion that followed the Divinity School address:

> This Harvard address of Emerson's marked an epoch. It was the first clear, complete and uncompromising utterance of rational religion in America. It showed all men at once what the new faith was, and what it meant to do. It fell into the camp of the stiff and proper Unitarianism of Boston and Cambridge like a thunderbolt. It was a touchstone. It compelled every man to define himself and speak out somehow or other; and it divided the Church. . . . . But in the general Unitarian camp, one shouted, said Parker, "'The Philistines be upon us!' another, 'We are all dead men!'" The dean of the Divinity School said, "That part of it which was not folly was downright atheism." Mr. Norton, the high priest of the Church in those days, opened his mouth and preached upon "The Latest Form of Infidelity." No miracles, he said, no religion: the miracles of Jesus are the only evidence of the truth of Christianity. Henry Ware told the young men that, if there appeared to them any contradiction between the reason of man and the letter of the Bible, they "must follow the written word." "Reason," said another "must be put down or she will soon ask terrible questions." Harvard College, in the person of one who taught a "sound" philosophy there, had already pronounced Emerson's thoughts "fantastic and unreal"; and Professor Felton soon found that they were "full of extravagance and over-weening self-confidence, ancient error disguised in misty rhetoric, and theories which would overturn society and resolve the world into chaos." Such being the voice of Harvard College and of the Unitarian Church, we can picture for ourselves the reception accorded the new prophet in other religious circles and by the world at large.

There are many eminent literary men on both sides of the Atlantic who have lived long enough to bear testimony to their indebtedness to Emerson. Carlyle and Emerson played ball across the water. Emerson was determined that Carlyle should come to America and lecture. He failed in this effort but he himself edited Sartor Resartus on this side.

On one of his visits to England, Emerson met Carlyle at Stonehenge, and they sat in the shadow of those huge stones and communed with the spirit of the ages. They thought the big thoughts which fit into this time when we are coming home in our study to find religion at last breaking into the universal, breaking into nature and into everybody's life; the permanent elements in human nature, the fundamental verities of life.

His son said that Emerson saw truth as facets of a diamond and reported as he saw them, and this is verified in a little book by Augustine Birrill, one of the most virile and vital English critics. Closing with a paragraph on social unrest, he says:

> Social unrest haunts both worlds. Fear sits at the bottom of men's hearts. "Society," said Emerson, "is devoured by a secret melancholy which breaks through all its smiles and all its gaiety and games." Society is still devoured by this same melancholy. The nations dwell behind barricades forging fresh weapons of offence. Great guns and hostile tariffs have lost none of their vogue. If ever Freedom shrieked aloud she might be expected to do so today. It is hard to be an optimist on the 2nd of June, 1903.
>
> At no time did the luckless race of man stand more in need of Emerson's spirit than today. His splendid courage, his undying hope, his cheerfulness, his fixed determination to quake at nothing, his spiritual independence, his serenity, his peace, are all possessions we wish were ours.

> "O air-born voice, long since serenely clear,
> A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear—
> Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
> Who finds himself, loses his misery."

This brings Emerson down to date. We know that he was not wanting in those elements which we are accustomed to associate with the soldier. He was profoundly interested in the anti-slavery movement and contributed willingly to buy guns for slaves in Kansas. His views on international law have been embodied in a famous lecture. He says:

> Nothing is plainer than that the sympathy with war is a juvenile and temporary state. Not only the moral sentiment, but trade, learning and whatever makes intercourse, conspire to put it down. Trade, as all men know, is the antagonist of war. . . . .
>
> The proposition of the Congress of Nations is undoubtedly that at which the present fabric of our society and the present course of events do point. . . . .
>
> Not in an obscure corner, not in a feudal Europe, not in an antiquated appanage where no onward step can be taken without rebellion, is this seed of benevolence laid in the furrow, with tears of hope; but in this broad America of God and man, where the forest is only now falling, or yet to fall, and the green earth opened to the inundation of emigrant men from all quarters of oppression and guilt; here, where not a family, not a few men, but mankind, shall say what shall be; here, we ask, Shall it be War, or shall it be Peace?

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QUESTIONS.

(1) What was Emerson's public stand, which cost him his first pulpit?

(2) What was the statement he made at Harvard in 1838 which aroused the animosity of that faculty?

(3) What does Edwin D. Mead say of this address?

(4) What was Theodore Parker's teaching concerning the New Testament?

H. G. Wells on The Religion of the Future

One of the fairest of the recent reviews of "God the Invisible King," says, "In it a modern religion has been outlined before the world has generally accepted the passing of Christianity."

This book is closely connected in thought and feeling with Mr. Wells' previous work, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," and although it is less finished as to workmanship—confused in places as to the thought and imperfect in expression, I cannot but feel that, regardless of all adverse criticism, it will be given an increasingly sympathetic and extended consideration during the years that are to come.

In his previous novel Mr. Wells makes Mr. Britling say:

> Religion is the first thing and the last thing and until a man has found God and been found by God he begins at no beginning and works to no end.

In "God the Invisible King" the author with great sincerity tells us why he believes this and how he came to believe it.

With his sensitiveness to the barely-formed currents of thought, this great writer has led us to the discussion of subjects of vital importance—the hollowness of the organized Christian church; the viciousness of the dogmas that have been "obscuring, perverting and preventing the religious life of mankind," and the utter falseness of its Triune God, and others of like nature.

In the light of his findings it is interesting and illuminating to read in a sermon, preached some years ago by Rev. Alexander Webster, a distinguished Unitarian clergyman of Aberdeen, Scotland, the following assertions:

> But the hour for the admission of the total breakdown of the Christian creeds has come. Their ruin will no longer hide under ritual or any other apologetic covering. There is a resistless demand for a reconstruction of religion, and if the churches desire to live they will be required to devote all their intelligence and wisdom to a radical reformation.

Dr. Webster points out that a very grave intimation of the unsubstantiability of Christianity was given by James Martineau in his "Seat of Authority in Religion," and quotes him as saying that—

> Christianity as defined or understood in all the churches which formulated it has been mainly evolved from what is transient and perishable in its sources; from what is unhistorical in its traditions, mythological in its preconceptions, and misapprehended in the oracles of its prophets!

Furthermore he calls attention to the fact that this situation, though thus presented a quarter of a century ago by a philosopher of distinction, has hardly been apprehended by the churches of today.

Not since Dr. Charles W. Eliot's memorable address at Cambridge on the "Religion of the Future" has the thoughtful religious public of this country been brought face to face with such problems as Mr. Wells has outlined in his latest book, at the end of which he says:

> I have been but the scribe to the spirit of my generation. . . . I have transferred the statements of "science" into religious terminology. . . . Ideas are developing and I have written them down.

Perhaps the most startling idea set forth in this book is that of a God who must use "human eyes and hands and brains," and of a kingdom of God that is to be "present throughout the whole fabric of the world—a world kingdom that is of "open brotherhood." (Such passages have a familiar sound to a Socialist. Indeed there are many places in the book where Wellsism and Socialism seem to travel the same road.) Before he attempts to give his idea of God, Mr. Wells takes the traditional conception of God, strips it of the many heresies that have grown about it, as well as the personal speculations which define him as a magician, as Providence, as an avenging deity, or as an anthropomorphic entity; and upon the bare skeleton of what is left he proceeds to build up the modern God—finite, growing, evolving—born in and through man, without the assistance of whom he accomplishes nothing—a God who is no better and no worse than we humans permit him to be, a creator of worlds only as he is creating each day and every day through the energies and activities of man.

This thought is paralleled in Dr. Webster's sermon in his conception of the Infinite Evolver—the God that the passing of Christianity is to make possible. Both men are insistent that with the lapse of Christianity (so-called) nothing really vital has gone; that there is no collapse of anything natural—no passing of anything essentially human. Their thought on this phase of the subject is in practical agreement, though the Scotch preacher's statement is perhaps more comprehensive and simple than is that of Mr. Wells. Dr. Webster says:

> Religion is not dismissed though the creeds are discredited. Though orthodox dogmas are repudiated, there still remains the spiritual need of intelligence regarding the Oversoul. (Mr. Wells uses the term "Veiled Being") and of cooperation with the Life Spirit. The Bible is displaced as an infallible authority, but the message of the universe is more impressive. . . . Christ goes but Jesus comes.

Along with the passing of the old-time God must go, they believe, all the intricacies and fallacies and falsities of the Hebraic-Christian cult that to so many many peoples has meant religion. And to take its place, there is coming what Mr. Wells describes as "service under the captaincy of God"—a religion with which any mentally emancipated individual having a developed conscience, a scientific mind, and a social vision can have no quarrel—a religion shorn of all its creeds, rituals and empty forms, its hypocrisy and insincerity and unfaith; its selfishness, exclusiveness and class distinctions—a religion which shall hold up to the world Jesus' own conception of his faith as made manifest in his teachings and in his life, namely, the true religion of brotherhood, justice, service and love. Says Mr. Wells:

> Such a religion, which is free, speaking freely through whom it will, subject to perpetual unlimited criticism, will be the driving Power of the world.

Shall we not believe that something of this sort will be the outgrowth of the "new understanding" that he asserts must inevitably arrive with an all-pervading lucidity and brightness and clearness, as

> "—— the day comes to the ships that put out to sea."

BLANCHE WATSON.

Spring City, Pa.

TOBACCO.—A nauseating plant that is consumed by but two creatures; a large, green worm and—man. The worm doesn't know any better.

The Foolish Dictionary.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

To one who has returned to the just endurable city, facing the prospect of a busier year than ever before, Tower Hill seems in retrospect like a little bit of Heaven to which kind fortune led us, and from which a cruel fate in the guise of necessity has now torn us away.

After a sojourn of many consecutive years on Tower Hill its resources do not fail us, and we find that its simple, quiet pleasures still satisfy a normal desire for rest and freedom of body, mind and soul.

There, this summer, as ever, was abundant leisure; *there* were joyous days, full of the joy of all living things; *there* were kind friends and friendly woods, flaming sunsets and fairy moonlight; *there,* the broad, sparkling river and rich, ripe fields,—and *there* were all the joys that belong especially to the country and particularly to Tower Hill.

The chief delight of all perhaps, as the years go by, and one that belongs to Tower Hill alone, is the enviable opportunity of hearing the Chief of Poetry Lovers read from modern poets, and others well-beloved, but not so modern.

In the sunset glow on Westhope porch, or by the cheery library fire, we listened often to these sweet singers' songs. Mr. Jones read from poets ranging all the way from Whittier to Gibson, and from many who came between these. Several mornings and evenings were devoted to Gibson, including all types of his work, from strong, telling war poems, to the most whimsical of his dramas.

At other times we heard selections from Percy MacKaye, in his "Lincoln Centennial Ode," from Walt Whitman, in his "Passage to India," and from a group of women poets, including Sara Teasdale, Florence Earle Coates, and many others. We found selections from Arthur Guiterman deliciously funny, and wonderfully sweet were those of the charming "poet of the blackbird," Francis Ledwidge* whose recent death was so tragic and untimely. A poet new to most of us was, William H. Davies, "the tramp with a poet's soul." Perhaps the most impressive and beautiful of all was a Sunday vesper reading of "The Toiling of Felix," by Henry Van Dyke.

To crown this most enjoyable series, Mr. Jones allowed a request program. The requests could scarcely have been more varied, ranging as they did from the 92nd Psalm, through selections from Van Dyke, Kipling, Service, Gibson, Arthur Guiterman, Vachel Lindsay, and ending with two of the noblest and most dignified of Whittier's poems. Very interesting also, was Mr. Jones' account of his search for material concerning the life of Sarah Bush Lincoln, the blessed stepmother, and other members of the Lincoln family.

Thanks to the garden, the cows, and the best of cooking, intellectual feasts were not the only ones enjoyed, but the call of the calendar forbids further enjoyment of experiences, already part of a happy past. H. M. J.

*Ledwidge reported in a July dispatch as having died at the front in Flanders.

The American Unitarian Association have published an eight-page leaflet containing suggestions for the observance of the Four-hundredth Anniversary of the Protestant Reformation, to be celebrated next October. It contains suggestions for hymns, organ selections, lecture topics, reading lists, books about Luther, etc., etc. It can doubtless be secured for the asking from 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO

Sunday Topics

September 23—Victory; Nature's Triumph Over Death and Decay—the after-vacation sermon by the minister, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Read: Isaiah XL, 27-31 and Hymn No. 18; still better, the same in its original form in the sequal to Abraham Davenport in Whittier's "Tent on the Beach."

September 30—The Reassurances of the Past. "The Future I May Face, Now I Have Proved the Past," Rabbi Ben Ezra. Dedicated to the religious study classes. An introduction to the year's study being the first year's work in the Seven Years' Course.

The first meeting of the Tuesday Class 10:30 a. m., September 25th. This class hopes to begin this year's study with a full attendance. The old friends cordially invite new friends to attend this initial study and to remain for the luncheon and the social hour that always follows. Every Tuesday is a Social Tuesday for this class, but special emphasis is placed once a month on a Social Program. Those who are considering joining this class are especially invited to be present at the opening. For further information concerning this class and others, apply to Miss Martha Dameier, 441 E. 46th Place, Chairman of Social Section.

THE MORNING GLORY

Oh, charming blue and purple,
The long dark night is gone!
And now your fairy trumpets
Are blowing in the dawn.
You dance in summer breezes
And blossom in the dew,—
"The glory-of-the-morning" *is*
The name of names for you!

St. Nicholas. —*Cecil Cavendish.*

THE CONVALESCENT

The nicest thing 'bout being sick
Is when yer gettin' well;
Then yer mother an' yer sisters
They treat you sumpthin' swell;
They bring you jams and custards
To "tempt yer appetite";
They play with you and read to you
From mornin' until night;
They wrap you up in blankets,
An' put pillows in a chair,
An' set you by the window
So you can get the air.
An' when yer wabblin' round a bit,
A-hangin' on to chairs,
They let you put your clothes on,
An' help you down the stairs.

So somehow you feel sorry when you hear your mother say,
"My son, I guess you're well enough to go to school today."

St. Nicholas. —*A. M. Cooper.*

MY FOUR-LEGGED CAT.

I have a kitten that can purr;
Her heart is good and kind.
Her whiskers are in front of her,
Her tail is on behind.

In some ways she is like the chairs
That stand upon our floor—
Her legs are fastened on in pairs,
Which, added up, make four.

—*Jack Burroughs.*

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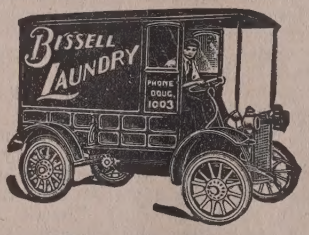

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